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IN SHALLOW WATERS.

She: I MUST SHOW YOU MY NEW CLOCK BEFORE YOU GO.
He (facetiously): SOME OF MY FRIENDS TELL ME I AM HOMELY ENOUGH TO STOP A CLOCK.
She: OH, THAT WON'T MATTER! IT CAN BE STARTED AGAIN.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

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THE Christmas number of LIFE is to be ready the first week in December. Although an extra issue, it will be mailed to all regular subscribers for the year 1888, free of charge.

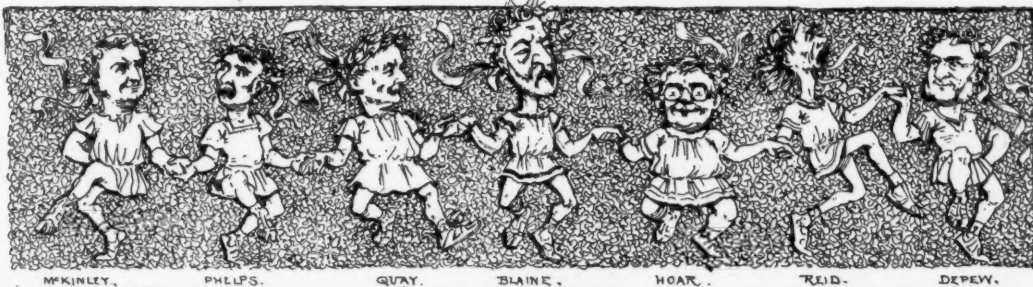
ONE scarcely knows whether to be angry or to laugh at the complacent ignorance of our English cousins, who, believing that the issue of our Election was the result of President Cleveland's dismissal of Sackville-West and considering it as a rebuke of an affront to Great Britain's representative, have graciously restored to favor those Americans who are sojourning on the tight little island, whose position in public esteem was seriously endangered when old Mrs. Guelph's Minister first got his walking-papers. One does know, however, whether to be angry or to laugh at the cowardly and humiliating toadyism of the American snob in England, who obsequiously endeavors to recommend himself to English charity and toleration by fostering the belief abroad that the United States, as a people, is capable of making an affront to a Briton, merely because he is a Briton, a national issue.

IT would have had a healthful effect upon the United States, in at least one direction, if the Sackville-West incident had resulted in strained relations between the two countries, even to the extent of the withdrawal of diplomatic representatives on both sides and open hostility. Not that the United States has any serious cause of grievance against England, but that an open rupture is almost the only means whereby Americanism might be instilled into those Americans who feel inferiority to the subjects of Madame Victoria for the very reason that every good American is the subject's superior. Mortifying as is the paradox, it is none the less true. The American snob, or Anglomaniac, gets among a people who acknowledge fealty to a mediæval form of government, founded upon ignorance, superstition and tyranny, which that people is compelled to admit is outgrown, even while they uphold it, and straightway this

American snob, or Anglomaniac, who should be exultant in the fact that he lives under, and is a part of, a noble system of government, whose divine object is the ultimate freedom, enlightenment and emancipation of man, is overcome by the same tinsel glory of state pageant and pompous ceremony of court that was instituted in the infancy of civilization to awe barbarians.

ANGLOMANIAC, perhaps, is not the word to describe this species of snob. Anglo-lunatic fits him better. We can forgive the Anglomaniac for wearing English coats, English hats and English boots—if they fit him better than the American articles; we need only laugh at him when he sticks a monocle in his uneducated ocular, and sacrifices the sight of one eye to English form; we can overlook his mistake when he displays a conspicuous chain upon his trousers that is attached to the keys in his pocket, after the manner of the English butler, under the impression that he is patterning upon the English gentleman; we may even bear with the asininity of his imitation British accent, which is the surest proof that he never saw anything of polite society abroad. These are venial offenses, if, in his heart, he cherishes American institutions, and realizes the mighty moral distinction between the citizen and the subject. But we cannot forgive the Anglo-lunatic, who cringes in the presence of rank that should be meaningless to him; fawns upon nobility that is ignoble when measured by the heroic standard set up by the fathers of the American republic, and down in his base and paltry soul regrets the cruel fate that placed him in the van of human progress.

ANGLO-LUNACY is not a malady of trivial importance when we consider how general it is among Americans who go abroad. Most of our representative men succumb to it. Leading statesmen, diplomats, men of affairs and literary men visit England and come back cherishing the memory of an encounter with Mr. Albert E. Guelph, known as the Prince of Wales, as the dearest incident of their travels, though, considered from the American point of view, he is an extremely cheap and paltry fellow. Our young men and maidens would sacrifice years of their lives for the proud privilege of presentation at court, which consists in being permitted to masquerade in elaborate toilet and to bow before royalty, unmindful that the moral degradation the ceremony implies is not one whit less than that of the meanest and lowest victims of Romanism, who fall upon their knees when the burly priest, who fattens upon their ignorance and credulity, passes before them.



ANOTHER turn of the wheel and, presto!
 Reps are in and Dems are out!
 The idol will now resume his place amid the joyful acclamation of his worshippers.
 Mr. Cleveland will retire with honors.
 Mr. Harrison will wave the sceptre.
 But Thanksgiving is upon us, and let us be joyful, even if another Englishman—this time a decent one—has absconded with one of our girls.

THANKSGIVING



CURTIS. HONEY MOON. LAMONT. CLEVELAND. MILLS. COLLING.



Galtwood

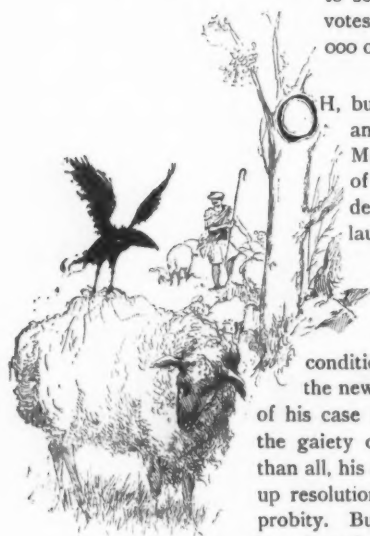


HE HAS ARRIVED.

SAID the frog, in a voice that was hollow,
"Oh, my! my! you look like a lolla."

In reply, said the stork,
"I am off to New York,
To suggest a new style for a collar."

WE do not believe that there is another man in the wide, wide world who ever achieved so much wisdom in so short a time as our temporarily-eminent fellow-citizen, James J. Coogan. To quote the Scriptures: "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge"—to him. Mr. Coogan was seized with a fit of philanthropy shortly before the Election, and became deeply and desperately enamored of the dear workingmen, whose elevation he felt he could best bring about if he were made Mayor of the City. To this end he purchased a nomination for the Mayoralty, and, by an expenditure of \$100,000, he managed to secure a few more than 9,000 votes, within something like 100,000 of enough to elect him.



OH, but bitter was the first lesson and then began the second. Mr. Coogan found that instead of having the sympathy of the dear workingmen, he was a laughing-stock to them; and, though his woe was sufficient to cast a gloom over the entire community, the entire community considered his condition in the light of a joke, and the newspapers cited certain features of his case as an important addition to the gaiety of nations. And now, worse than all, his dear workingmen have drawn up resolutions aspersing his motives and probity. But, although Mr. Coogan must be classed among those persons who,

according to a well-known proverb, are soon parted from their money, he may find comfort in reflecting upon the enormous acquisition of knowledge he has made, as we have intimated, since the Election. It was *Æsop*, we believe, who was the author of a certain fable concerning the fate of a crow who attempted to emulate the eagle who carried off a lamb.

THERE was one pleasing circumstance about the visit of the Marquis of Queensberry—who has won high distinction as the author of certain rules governing the conduct

of prize-fights—to these shores, and that is, that he did not presume upon his title to effect an entrance into our fashionable society, which would have opened its arms to him had he so desired, but kept his proper personal level as the guest of the individual who conducts, by all odds, the vilest publication in the United States. Aside from this journalistic pander, the associates of the Marquis were confined to the sporting fraternity, and his public honors consisted in his presenting a medal to a ruffianly young rum-seller whose claim to notoriety is that he has jumped from several bridges, unfortunately, without killing himself, and in his performing a like service for a "pug," who calls himself the champion prize-fighter of the world, in the presentation of a walking-stick, said walking-stick containing a dagger and revolver combination, in order that the champion of the world may have something to defend himself with in case he is attacked. Perhaps the next time Queensberry comes to the United States it will be to conclude negotiations whereby he is liberally paid for wedding an American beauty.

"TO the victors belong the spoils," as the defeated candidate said when he lay in a fence-corner firing mature eggs at the Republican torchlight procession.

MR. HENRY E. ABBEY is entirely justified in his intention to wreck the *Tribune*, because the dramatic critic of that journal did not say that Coquelin, who is playing under Abbey's management, was the greatest actor in the world. We notice, however, that the *Tribune* continues to struggle along, although deprived of Coquelin's advertisement—which deprivation, by the way, injured Abbey's business far more than it did that of the newspaper. Mr. Abbey appears, by the way, to partake somewhat of the nature of a certain beast that is famed for the length of its ears.

THE Philadelphia *Stage* gives two reasons why the actor is not in fashionable society, which, it seems to us, ought to be conclusive, the first being that the actor does not care for the fashionables, and the second that they do not care for him. Surely, if the actor and the fashionables bore each other, it is not strange that they do not mingle with each other.

AMORE serious question confronts us than the extinction of the buffalo.

What is to become of *Puck* when the encroaching apartment-houses drive the last goat beyond the Harlem? Will the élite of Shantytown care to see our esteemed contemporary upon their drawing-room tables when their old friend has ceased to appear in its columns?



SHE COULD READ THE SIGN.

Miss Kansas: I WISH TO SEE MADAME LUCETTE.

Young Modiste: MADAME LUCETTE IS NOT IN AT PRESENT.

Miss Kansas: WELL, THEN, TELL MADAME CIE TO BE GOOD ENOUGH TO TAKE MY ORDER.

NOT THE FIRST TIME.

“WAS it the girl's father who broke off the engagement?” inquired Jenkins.

“No,” replied the jilted lover, “it was her little brother.”

NO MORE THAN RIGHT.

RANDALL, here's a chance,” remarked one of his friends: “can't you contribute two dollars to the fund we're raising for the benefit of Jodson's family? The poor fellow died and left them penniless.”

“Why, certainly,” responded Crandall, “I'll gladly do so; and besides, I have owed him two dollars for a long time: it's no more than right that I should help them that much. I'm a square man, and I believe in doing what's right every time.”

THE man who buys bric-a-brac nowadays, and pays for it, may be pardoned for doubting if virtue is its own reward.



COLOR-BLIND.



A THANKSGIVING CORNER.

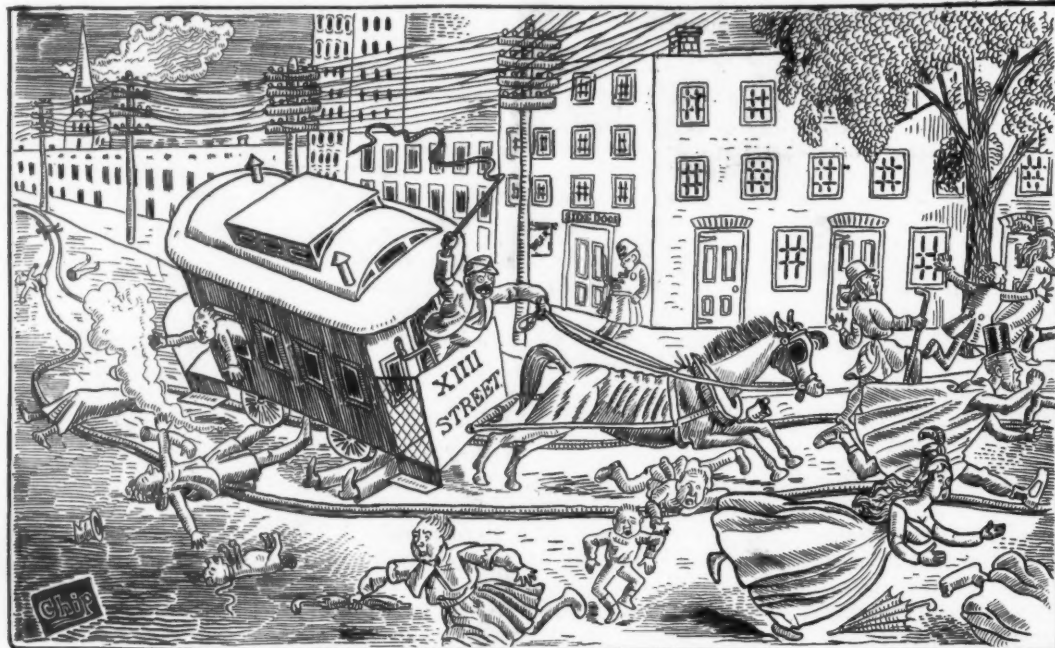
MAY THEIR WISHES BE GRANTED!

BOOKISHNESS

SOME RECENT BOOKS AND CRITICISMS.

"THE ASPERN PAPERS" give the title to a volume made of three recent magazine stories by Henry James, the two others being "Louisa Pallant" and "A Modern Warning." Each is the unemotional study of a disagreeable phase of character. If worth doing at all, they could hardly be done with more skill. Any one sensitive to fine literary form will find in them pleasure enough to counterbalance the unsympathetic qualities. It is akin to the exhilaration one feels when watching a daring and graceful skater. The swing is regular, sinuous, rhythmic; the unexpected and brilliant variations of it are exhibitions of agility; the steel rings clear and musical, and flashes now and then in the sunlight among the minute crystals of splintered ice. The spectator may be chilled, but never bored.

As "The Reverberator" was a satire on the violation of the finer feelings by a type of modern journalist, so "The Aspern Papers" is a satire on the inhuman quality of one phase of literary industry. The delicate force of this study lies in the skill with which the reader is entrapped into a keen interest in the hunt for the love-letters of the poet *Aspern*. When the indelicacy and even cruelty of the whole plot are suddenly flashed upon you, you feel something of the shame and humility which at last overtook the literary ghoul. You are to a degree *particeps criminis*, and understand the weak



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She is alarmed by the hissing fuse, breaks away and starts for home, rapidly overtaking the Deacon, who now runs for his life.

point, in human nature which has led to so many unpardonable literary sins (Macmillan).

M. R. BRANDER MATTHEWS has collected eight essays into a volume decorated with good paper, type and binding, and entitled "Pen and Ink" (Longmans). Jests, Plagiarism, Prefaces and Poker are among the subjects discussed informally, in the after-dinner manner which admits of good anecdotes and illustrations. The most serious work is in the essays on Locker and Dobson. In the paper on the Philosophy of the Short Story, its features are well defined as compression, originality, ingenuity and a touch of fancy.

THE London *Spectator*, in a recent review of "John Ward, Preacher," expresses the opinion that its power consists "even more in the side sketches than in that of the Calvinistic hero and his agnostic wife." The reviewer adds: "John Ward could not, by any possibility, being what he was, have acted as he did in a time when the temper of the day throws so strong a light on all the more hopeful and optimistic theological elements of the Bible, and on all the passages in which St. Paul teaches true tolerance."

We may be pardoned for quoting this as confirmation of the point of view taken in this column six months ago. It is not surprising that Anglicans have praised the book, for it advances a theory of Calvinism which is only proclaimed by its enemies.

IT has been the good fortune of the *Saturday Review* to compress one of Arlo Bates's novels into a sentence: "The Pagans would be naughty if they dared, and clever if they could."

Droch.

NEW BOOKS

SONGS FROM BERANGER. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother.
Wood Blooms. By John Vance Cheney. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother.
The Virginia Marriage. By May Agnes Fleming. New York: Street & Smith.
The Century Magazine. Vol. XXXVI.
St. Nicholas. Vol. XI. Parts I. and II.



But the deadly hand of science intervenes.



"FOLLY LOVES THE PARTY"



THE TYRDOM OF FAME."
—BYRON.



FAIR GAMBLER.

A Grace, though a belle, and gay,
Has notions that to-day
Most of the girls scarce pay
A moment's thought to;
Politics she thinks "grand!"
She knows she'd understand
The ruling of the land—
I'm sure she ought to!

We wagered, for we run
To different faiths. Great fun!
She bet on Harrison,
And I on Grover:
A dozen kisses she
Owed if it went to me—
(Oh, how I prayed G. C.
Might still "hold over!")

If she won, I must buy
Twelve pounds of Huyler's. I
Cannot, of course, deny
I hoped she'd lose it.
So Tuesday came, and Fate
Left me disconsolate,
My ill-luck to berate,
And loudly abuse it.

To-day was the time set:
I went to pay my bet,
And on the steps I met
Her handsome cousin.
We bowed; he smiled, I thought,
To see what I had brought;
Then I went in, but not
To get that dozen!

What had so moved Miss Grace?—
Blushes suffused her face;
She smoothed a rumpled lace:
A vague impression
That even cousins may be—
But, turning suddenly
(Her conscience pricked, you see),
She made confession:

"You see, a week ago
I feared I'd lose, and so
I—'hedged,' you call it—oh,
How good, you've brought them!"
Alas, the artful maid!
I for her bonbons paid;
The kisses that I prayed—
That cousin got them!

Frank Roe Batchelder.



SWEET LAVENDER.

DRUNKENNESS is not ordinarily a pleasant vice to those who are not addicted to it and who only look upon it from the spectator's point of view. In real life its manifestation may possess an interest to those who are not participators in the intoxication, but never a charm.

On the stage, drunkenness is even more disagreeable. It is usually either nauseating or silly, or both. There are a few exceptions. The pretended drunkard, *David Garrick*; the picturesque drunkard, *Rip Van Winkle*, and Charles Reade's horrible drunkard, *Coupeau*, are the principal of these, but to them now must be added another drunkard who is lovable and almost admirable. His vice makes him frowsy and shabby, and in all the externals only a wreck of a man; but within, *Dick Phenyl*, drunk or sober, is a gentleman with all the kind-heartedness, generosity and thoughtfulness the name implies.

Don't shudder, good Prohibitionists and ladies of the W. C. T. U., nor vow that you will never go to see "Sweet Lavender." Mr. Le Moyne's presentation of the character is a whole temperance lecture in itself, although a very jolly and amusing one.



HERE is something almost idyllic in the atmosphere of the play. One can almost feel the peaceful quiet of Temple Chambers and the drowsiness of age which surrounds those precincts. Here the English dramatist has the better of his American competitor, even with American audiences.

There is a charm to the imagination in seeing used for a dramatic background surroundings which are familiar scenes in our reading. The play is a comedy, and in truth a comedy, but through it runs a suggestion of pathos which adds rather than detracts from its humor.

In the cast Mr. Le Moyne is far and away the best of all. His *Dick Phenyl* stands out clear and distinct as though it were a star part written to fit him. Mr. Valentine's *Dr. Delaney* is also an excellent bit of acting, but as the type is not one well-known to American audiences, it receives slight recognition. It is rather hard to understand just why Mr. Herbert Kelcey and his brogue should be assigned to the only American part in the caste. If Mr. Kelcey would train down twenty or thirty pounds he and Mr. Miller might exchange parts to the benefit of both.

The one scene used through the piece is an excellent specimen of stage-setting. Take it all together—play, acting and setting, "Sweet Lavender" is the most pleasing performance New York has seen since the production of "Jim the Penman." Metcalfe.

REFLECTIONS.



IT is interesting—it may even be considered amusing—to notice that foremost among the causes that have led to the overthrow of President Cleveland's administration, Boyle O'Reilly, of Boston, names *Anglomania*.

It is idle to expect that Mr. O'Reilly shall become really addicted to his British brother until such a time as he shall have become so thoroughly saturated with Christianity that he shall seriously set about the attempt to love his enemies. England is no friend of his, and he has no reason to be attached to her, but in his peculiar feelings toward her, he is hardly a representative American. In the opinion of the average voter, it is *Anglophobia*, rather than *Anglomania*, that has possessed both political parties of late, and if there is a mania of any sort in the air, it is *Celtomania*.

One of the interesting events that it is permitted to anticipate, is the appointment by General Harrison of a new Minister to the Court of St. James, and the comments of Mr. O'Reilly and his mates upon the same. If Mr. O'Reilly knows of any Republican whom he considers a fit man for the place, we would like to hear him named. Would Ben Butler do? Ben was a Harrison man!

* * *

TAKING the recent marriage of an American girl to a rich Englishman for his text, Mr. Henry Labouchere preaches a little sermon to English girls and their parents.

AND he finds that when it comes to pleasing the tyrant, Man, the American young woman gets ahead of her British sister. This phenomenon he attributes to the ability of the

American girl to "run down her own game" unaided and unhampered by her mamma, to her superior taste in dress, and to the circumstance that rich American fathers make their sons and daughters share alike in the division of estates. He thinks that if the British girl hopes to compete successfully with the Daisy Millers, she and her parents must learn to do as the Americans do in these particulars.

Mr. Labouchere will get the thanks of the community on this side of the water for his efforts in behalf of his fair countrywomen. Every one of our maidens who marries a Britisher, is practically lost to us. America is against international marriages on general principles, and wants to see the practice minimized. If, in addition to teaching the English girl how to hold her own, Mr. Labouchere can confer a like boon on the American young man, he will confer a double favor.

* * *

WHAT'S the matter with our young man, any way, that the Chamberlains cut him out? Is he too busy, or



IN THE CITY OF CHURCHES.

Mrs. M. (making a call in Brooklyn): WHAT MAKES THE CHANDLIER SHAKE SO?

Mrs. B.: OH, IT'S THE BABY UPSTAIRS. HE'S ASLEEP IN HIS CRIB, AND SEEMS A LITTLE RESTLESS.

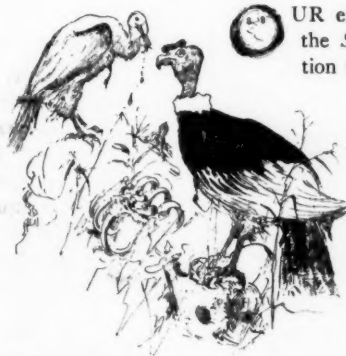
too lazy, or too poor, or is he indifferent? He should look up the records of the international marriages, and see how they have turned out. Perhaps it might pay him to make a pamphlet on the subject.

* * *

IN the case of Harvard and Yale this fall, the terrors of football have been materially softened. All the wear and tear has come on the types of newspapers, and printer's ink has flowed instead of blood.

These endless Yale-Harvard squabbles about the details of athletic events are played out. Gentlemen who want to kick football or to row races, should be able to do it without such eternal bickering. In such matters, what is done or where, is of less moment than how it is done.

* * *



OUR esteemed contemporary the *Sun*, showed a disposition to have some fun at the recent Democratic funeral, and it has excited no surprise and little blame. The *Sun* was in the position of a homœopathic doctor at the obsequies of an allopathic patient. Decent resignation at

funerals is praiseworthy, and mirth may even be tolerated when it is unobtrusive and does not hurt the real mourners. But fun at funerals, or even at wakes, should never go so far as to involve the mutilation of the corpse. That American-Encyclopedia editorial that our neighbor printed smacked of Whitechapel.

ELLA WHEELER says that she has tried everything and finds that the only thing worth living for is domestic happiness.

Who the speaker was, and what was the occasion, we have forgotten, but what he said was: "The best is good enough for me."

E. S. M.

A SHABBY AFFAIR.

WIFE: Is that a new hat, John?

JOHN (*gloomily*): Yes.

WIFE: It's a shabby-looking affair.

JOHN: Yes; it's an election hat.

A BRIDAL PARTY—The horse.

WE, THE PEOPLE—U. S.

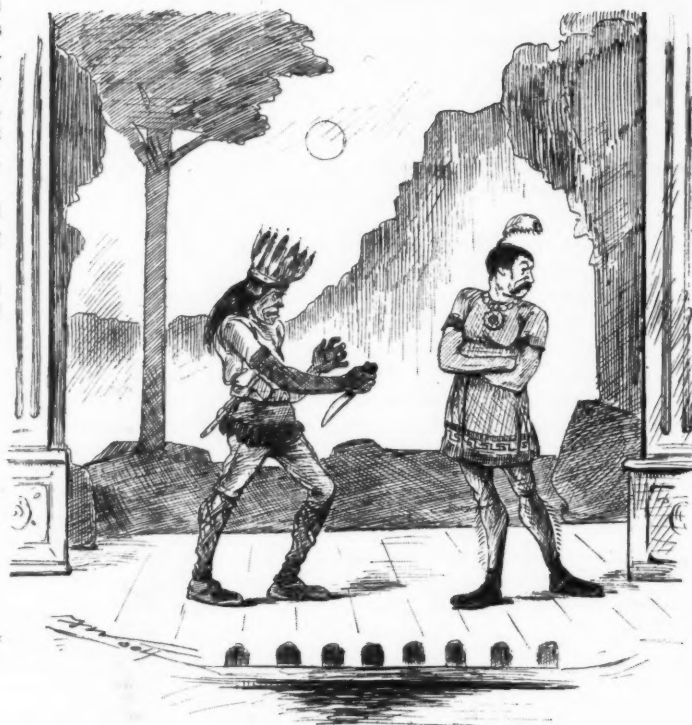
THE USUAL THING.



"OH, A BIT TOO SMALL—JUST WANTS TO BE SHAPED TO YOUR HEAD."



"THAT WILL BE ALL RIGHT IN A DAY OR SO."



THE DRAMA ON THE EAST-SIDE.

Tamarack (*Chief of the Saugatunks*): TELL ME WHERE YOU HAVE HIDDEN ME CHE-I-ILD, OR MY KNIFE SHALL CUT THE SECRET FROM YOUR-R CR-R-RAVEN HEAR-R-RR-RT!

Foot-in-the-Clouds (*a Mohawk*): LET YER KNIFE DO ITS BLOODY WOR-R-RK, I AIN'T NO PALEFACE TO BE SKEERD INTER BETRAYIN' A TRIBE'S SECRETS. STRIKE, BUT RERMEMBER, MER DEATH WILL BE AVENGED! HA—HA—HA!!! (*Spits.*)

"THIRTEEN is a mighty unlucky number," thought the prisoner, gazing at the Judge and jury as he heard the verdict—"Guilty."

"DON'T give up the ship," mortgage it first.



IT BEGINS TO REGAIN ITS OWN SHAPE.



WITH THIS RESULT.



FAR BETTER.

"O WAD some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!"
But how much better if by spells
Others could see us as we see oursels!
—*Boston Transcript*.

ST. PETER: Hold on a minute! Ticket?

CHRONIC PASS-FIEND: That's all right.

ST. PETER: I don't know you.

PASS-FIEND: Why, I have the privilege of the door at every theatre in town.

ST. PETER: No doubt it's all right; but I don't know you.

PASS-FIEND: Very well, sir, but you needn't expect any more favors from our paper. (He is cast into outer darkness, where there is gnashing and wailing of teeth.)—*America*.

BOUCICAULT's new dramatic school teaches its pupils how to walk. If it can teach them how to walk from Oshkosh to New York, without getting either tired or hungry, it will not have been opened in vain.—*Norristown Herald*.

MISS KEANE (to handsome young physician): Oh, doctor how do you do? You look killing this evening!

YOUNG PHYSICIAN (quietly): Thank you, but I'm not; I'm off duty, don't you know.—*Drake's Magazine*.

HE: And you really love me, darling?

SHE: Why do you doubt me, dear?

HE: Well, I saw you setting the clock an hour forward when I came in.—*World*.

OVERHEARD at the Chestnut Street Opera House on Tuesday evening:

FIRST LADY (looking at programme): Tell me, dear, what does *Le Maître de Forges* mean?

SECOND LADY (patronisingly): The Master of the Forges, dear; it's the original of Jim the Penman, you know.—*Philadelphia Stage*.

FIRST TRAMP: I say, have you taken a bath?

SECOND TRAMP (anxiously): No! Is there one missing?—*Harvard Lampoon*.

VISITOR: Pleasant little village this?

NATIVE: Yes, sir; and one of the loveliest little places in the country.

VISITOR: I was thinking of moving here with my family—?

NATIVE: You couldn't do better. We are a go-a-head-ative, public-spirited community. We have an amateur dramatic club—

VISITOR: An amateur dramatic club?

NATIVE: Yes, sir; and— But the visitor is in full retreat from the village, and already out of hearing.—*Philadelphia Stage*.

TAILOR: Why is it that you don't pay for that suit? I have called here repeatedly, and all I can get out of you is promises.

YOUNG ACTOR: Well, you know, all the papers call me a promising young comedian.

TAILOR: Yes; but promises are not performances.

YOUNG ACTOR: Well, come up to the theatre any night, and you will see my performance.—*America*.

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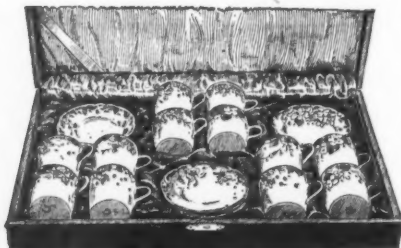
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